Trotters *Fourney-man on his amble to the* Gallowes *or the confession of* John Mew, *before execution.*

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

Gentlemen,

I Confesse to have been brought up under a Trotter, but being taken from thence by my Rider *Tichbourn*, and put into the Tramels of Rebellion, I soon took a very good pace, and ever since have stept at such a distance; that I presumed none scruple my interferring, it being easie to have driven a Wheel-barrow between my legs when I strutted in the head of my Regiment (some report that being in the Tower, I should steale King *Henries* Pin-cussion: and for its safer conveyance slipt it under my twist, which occasioned my pedantick Garbe) but to that I assent not; To warn those petry Peeces of good luck which attended mee, since I dropt into the House of Office at my Mr. *Pettits*: Be pleased to know, I was made a Captain of Horse (before I was a Souldier) and being to exercise my Troupe, (with Bed-staves in my Holsters) my Word of Command was Stand to your Arms Gentlemen, by which the nimbler puppets then in motion, thought me more fit to be a a Colonel of Foot; of which I no sooner heard, then hasted to my glasse to salute my self with the Title of Nobel Colonel, and their began to ape (as I thought) the most becoming Postures for my New Created Honour, by which I am now become so ridiculous, (and some Dispute whether the substance was in me, or my likeneffe the one being a shadow, and the other but a vapour,) but to proceed, how busie I was in the disciplying, or rather caneing my men: I have cause to remember having taught one of them to handle his Arms so well, that he mademe a while after unable to lift mine to my head: I had added to this, the Honour, of being a Militia Man, if you please, a Malitious Man, and returning from thence somewhat late, I found a person (who believing me an Officer of the Rump) was shiting at my Doore, but I made him know, I belonged to the Committe of Danger, though I committed him to Safety.

Who upon examination, confest his design of Blowing open my Door, and to force away my silver Head-peece, and my beloved Glasse, in which I first see me selfa Colonel. There are some who have added to my Title of Colonel, that of Shallow brains, but had they fathomed my depth, when I marched into *Cornwal* with my brother *Hewson*) they would have waved it, for it might have been observable how I garded the blind side leaving his single eye as a Butt to any marksman in hopes that being out, I might at last supply the office of a Dog and a Bell; to beg the charity of the Gentle craft: But alas! Fortune doth not alwayes favour Fools, for now though my Case be alturd, yet my shitten lucke hath its period: I now lament my impudent, intruding the Common Councel, for which I was shamefully turned out where each Man very readily lent me his foot to help me out of the crowed, I now bewaile my playing the changeling in going to the Exchange, and thrusting my Betters from the wall, for now, alas! I cannot walke quietly in the channel, the lesser boys being ready to pisse upon me: but what grieves me most, is I am like to be deprived of the Office of *Tichbourns* Cash-keeper (from which I have suckt more sweetnesse, than ever he did from his *Cluster of Canaans Grapes*) by the loss: of which I shall be no longer able to proffer the Marchants ready Money, and then those that lead me out of there Warehouses then, will kick me out now: but I do but wait till my Brother *Hewson* is cut down from the Gibbet, and then I shall save them that labour.

Vale.

Feb: 1659